

Foldin Clothes by **milevenmirkwood**

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Summary:

Based of J Cole's Foldin Clothes.

Mike wakes up in a good mood and decides to treat his pregnant wife.

Foldin Clothes

*I walked in the living room
And saw you all alone on the couch
Just napping
I-I see a lot on your plate
9 months with that weight*

Mike woke up on his own accord that morning, sun illuminating the room almost heavenly. It was Friday and he had the day off as well as many to come as El's due date approaching rapidly. He sighed, rolling over only to be disappointed by the empty space beside him. Looking at his watch, he saw it was quarter past eleven. Mike sat up and threw his legs over the edge of the bed. He slid on his slippers and made his way out of the bedroom. Coming into the living room, he smiled at the sight.

A very, very pregnant El laid on the couch with an arm and leg dangling off the edge. Mike almost didn't want to wake her, but her position made him uneasy. He quietly made his way over to her and gently shook her shoulder.

"El. El."

She groaned softly, hazel eyes opening slowly.

"Mike?"

"Morning. What happened?" he asked, smiling.

He wrapped an arm around her lower back and grabbed her hand, helping her sit up. El instinctively placed her free hand on her swollen belly.

"I was dusting and then I dropped the duster. I went to pick it up, but then I got tired and laid down." she said, the memory coming back to her with a smile and Mike let out a laugh.

"Well that makes sense. How 'bout I finish up for you?" Mike offered

and El shook her head.

"No I can do it." El said, as Mike helped her get to her feet. As her pregnancy progressed, El's need for independence grew. She appreciated the offers from Mike, their friends and sometimes even strangers, but she needed to do it herself.

"Are you sure?" Mike asked, scooping up the duster.

"Mike, I'm fine." she said with a smile, taking the duster from his hand and placing a small kiss on his cheek.

Mike smiled and made his way into the kitchen.

"Hungry?" he called out.

"When am I not?" El answered, sounding vaguely irritated. Mike just passed it off as hormones.

Mike opened the freezer and reach in, only to stop abruptly. He closed the freeze and leaned over the counter to look in the living room.

"Let's go out to eat." he suggested. El turned to him and her face lit up.

"Really?" she asked with a wide smile. She'd been practically going insane being inside the house the past couple of weeks, due any minute. Nothing had been keeping her inside, but she was just too lazy to venture out.

"Yeah." he answered simply, laughing at her expression.

"Okay. I'll go get dressed." El said, practically skipping to their bedroom. Mike followed her, quickly dressing in jeans and a white shirt with navy and gold stripes. El on the other hand had a more difficult time.

"El you'll look great in anything." he said, causing El to stare daggers at him. Mike sighed, knowing she wouldn't be convinced no matter how hard he tried.

"How about I go wait in the living room?" he suggested and she nodded curtly, turning her attention back on the closet.

Mike walked back to the living room and put on his sneakers. He sighed, looking for something to entertain himself. He could watch tv, but there was nothing on but talk shows now and he didn't want to start a movie he couldn't finish. His eyes wandered, pausing on the washer and dryer down the hall. Mike remembered faintly hearing the washer earlier that morning.

He walked over and opened the two appliances. The washer was empty, but the dryer was filled with now cool light clothes. Mike emptied the dryer and walked back into the living room. He started to fold the clothes while thinking idly. He did that for a few minutes.

"Mike have you seen my peach sundress?" El called out.

"No. Did you check the nursery?" he asked. They unintentionally started to use the closet in the nursery as a second closet. Why not?

"Yes." she answered.

"Oh wait. Found it." Mike said and heard El's footsteps approach.

"You washed light clothes, remember?"

"Oh yeah. God this baby is making me stupid." El said, rubbing her stomach affectionately.

"She didn't mean that Janey." Mike said, rubbing her stomach himself. El stared down at him lovingly.

"You didn't have to do that. Folding the clothes." El clarified.

"I wanted to." he said. He felt El's eyes on him still and looked up at her, only to close them at the feeling of her soft lips on his frankly slightly chapped ones. She pulled away with a smile.

"Thank you." she said, placing a small kiss on his nose.

"You're welcome. Now get dressed before lunch hour. You do want breakfast right?" Mike asked, going back to folding the clothes.

"Yes. Waffles. No, burgers. No, ice cream." she said, groaning in irritation as she walked back to the bedroom. Mike smiled, only to

frown trying to fold a particularly odd shaped sweater.

Author's Note:

So yeah this was short, but I listened to Foldin Clothes (along with every other song off J. Cole's new album) and I really loved it and needed to write something based off it A\$AP Rocky. There's something about just little couple things that I am a sucker for.

Also I've decided to make the whole parental Mike and El a series (my first ever) of oneshots! I have zero clue what to call it so I'd love some suggestions! Please leave some as well as what you thought!